



THE
SISTERS OF ROSEDALE;
OR,
MODERN ADOPTION.

A NOVEL.

MATILDA and Fanny were the daughters of a widow woman, who rented a cottage, situated about a mile from Taunton. Their father had been a respectable farmer, but having been misled by some dissolute neighbours, he embarrassed his affairs too far to extricate himself, and plunged into excesses to banish reflexion, he shortened his days by habits of intemperance, and left his family to struggle with the horrors of indigence, and unmerited contempt. In the days of their prosperity, Matilda had been the favourite of her parents; her person was lovely in the extreme, and her manners infinitely prepossessing; for her father had secretly cherished an air-built hope of marrying her to the squire's son, and had not failed to instill into her youthful mind, ideas of self-importance, which displayed themselves, as she grew old enough to appreciate her own attractions. Fanny,

a year younger than her sister, possessed no other recommendation than a good heart, and an obliging disposition; her features were remarkably homely, and she seemed to take more delight in domestic occupations, than in the decoration of her own person. On Sundays, when Matilda eagerly hastened to church, to display some new finery, which her too indulgent father had purchased for her, little Fanny staid contentedly at home, to assist in preparing the dinner, and employed every interval in the perusal of some book which contained pious instruction: Matilda had been taught to finger an old spinet, which stood in the best room, but as Fanny had no leisure for such recreations, she was willing to amuse herself with simple ditties, or hymns to the Creator. Adversity, however, was less painfully felt by her than by Matilda. In the wreck of their former luxuries, Fanny lost nothing; her dress had been always coarse and plain, and though the spinet was necessarily sold, she had still her prayer and hymn book to console her. Matilda, on the contrary, did nothing but repine; she could no longer appear at church, without meeting some

pointed sneer from her neighbours ; and home was irksome, when no source of amusement remained. The declining health of Mrs. Dawson required the tenderest attentions from her children, but she perceived with anguish, that the most indulged are not always the most grateful, and mourned inwardly, the mistaken pride which had formerly led her to distinguish, with marked partiality, one so inferior in every useful attainment, to the neglected Fanny. Jealousy and ill-temper now influenced the behaviour of Matilda towards her patient sister ; every invidious comparison which malice could dictate, was made by her to torment and mortify the uncomplaining girl, who vainly strove to avert her displeasure, by innumerable kind offices. The obvious partiality of her parents, instead of exciting envy in her gentle bosom, had only taught her to respect and love her sister as a pattern of female perfection ; and the occasional asperity of her temper, she considered as the natural consequence of their unhappy change of circumstances. Thus were they situated, when an incident occurred, which left her in unrivalled possession of her remaining parent's affection.

One evening, in the beginning of December, a heavy fog obscured the country, and rendered the roads almost impassable. A chariot, which was travelling towards London, was overturned in a deep

ditch, and the lady, who was in it, so severely hurt, that her servants were obliged to seek assistance at the cottage. Mrs. Dawson, with her usual benevolence of heart, busied herself in administering restoratives to the fainting stranger, and had soon the satisfaction to see her benefitted by her cares ; and Matilda, interested by the elegant figure and dress of the lady, with the additional stimulus of learning that she was dignified by a title, was equally active and attentive. The Countess reviving, and finding herself so kindly treated, expressed her gratitude in energetic terms, and particularly noticing Matilda, enquired if she was the daughter of Mrs. Dawson ; being answered in the affirmative, she indirectly hinted her surprise that a young person, of such polished manners, should reside in an humble cottage. The compliment was not lost upon Matilda ; the dormant sparks of vanity were rekindled in her breast ; and her intelligent eyes spoke the pleasure she could not conceal. After a few hours rest, during which time Lady Fitzgerald had made various enquiries respecting the family, and formed her own conclusions as to the present state of their finances ; she said, with a winning smile, " I am almost tempted to act like the rest of the world, and repay benefits with ingratitude. What would you say, Mrs. Dawson, were I to steal your pretty daughter from you ?" The flush of joy and expectation tinged

Matilda's cheeks, and she waited her mother's reply with breathless anxiety. "You are pleased to flatter her humble pretensions, Madam," said Mrs. Dawson; "once we enjoyed comforts, which left us without a wish to change; but now, reduced as we are, I cannot but acknowledge that it would be a great consolation to me to see my daughter in a creditable situation, by which she might be enabled to support herself; should Providence deprive her of a mother's care; the destitute condition in which I should leave my poor children, is a heavy burthen to my mind, but she is yet too young to suit your purpose." "You are mistaken," replied Lady Fitzgerald, "I had no idea of taking her as a servant; I am a single woman, and want society; for, though possessing rank and fortune, I live a retired life, and prefer a social circle, to the dissipation in which people of fashion are usually engaged. I have no children of my own, and in adopting your daughter, I have the selfish wish of attaching to myself one pure uncontaminated heart." Lady Fitzgerald sighed as she concluded, and it was evident that some domestic sorrow brought with it painful recollections. Mrs. Dawson was too much oppressed to speak; she pressed the hand which the Countess extended to her, and remained silent, but her countenance bespoke grateful assent; and Lady Fitzgerald, turning to Matilda, asked her whether

she was willing to accept her offer. Matilda, too young for reflexion, too ambitious to yield to the voice of natural affection, and too sanguine to dream of future evils, gave an eager acquiescence; and Mrs. Dawson, thinking only of the advantages which might accrue to her darling, ratified her assent, by leaving all the necessary arrangements to Lady Fitzgerald. "Well, then," said she, "I will stop a few days at Wells, where your daughter may meet me; this will afford you time to get her things in order, I have only to desire that you will not make any addition to her stock of clothes, as that shall be my care when we get to town; should any misfortune befall you, be assured you shall never want a friend; above all, be satisfied, that though partiality has induced me to adopt Matilda, your other daughter shall find protection with me, if she is not otherwise provided for, when you are taken from her." During this conversation, Fanny sat silent with downcast looks, and eyes full of tears; her generous heart swelled with rapture at her sister's good fortune, yet a degree of melancholy took possession of her mind, at thus being separated from one with whom she had passed the happy hours of infancy. Matilda was all joy, affability, and good-humour; the darling wish of her heart, that of moving in a higher sphere, was about to be gratified, and she, in imagination, anticipated pleasures which could

never cloy. As soon as the carriage was released, Lady Fitzgerald took leave, and at parting, contrived, unknown to Mrs. Dawson, to leave a ten pound note in a work basket, which stood on the table. The two following days were occupied in all the bustle of preparation: the neighbours were apprised of this sudden change in her prospects, and the youthful companions of Matilda were promised elegant presents, when she was permitted by the good Lady Fitzgerald to visit her mother. At length the anxiously wished for day arrived. Matilda hurried into the stage which was to convey her to Wells, and almost broke from the embraces of her mother, and sister, in her eagerness to depart. "Heaven protect you, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, as she ascended the steps, "write to me as often as you have leisure, I shall think every day a year till I hear from you." "I will, I will, mother," was all she had time to articulate, before the coach drove off, and Mrs. Dawson, with the sobbing Fanny, returned disconsolate to their cheerless cottage. "I wish I had not suffered her to go," said Mrs. Dawson, "I was hurried into it somehow; however, I thought I did my duty; should I err, my motives are my only consolation." "Dear mother," cried Fanny, "why do you think so differently now from what you did yesterday? you was then quite pleased with the thoughts of Matilda's good luck. The Count-

ess is a charming woman, and I dare say she will be very kind." "I do not doubt it," replied Mrs. Dawson, "but I know Matilda's temper, and should she displease Lady Fitzgerald, so as to occasion her to send her back, her mind will be quite unsettled: she will despise our humble home more than ever."—"That will be cruel, indeed, mother," observed Fanny, "you know poverty is not our fault." Thus passed the tedious hours till bed-time; Mrs. Dawson passed a sleepless night, and the morning renewed the scene of regret; for wherever she turned her eyes, Matilda was missed.

Matilda, meanwhile, cast not "a longing lingering look behind," her thoughts were all directed forwards, and she sat absorbed in thought, building castles in the clouds, till a sudden jolt of the carriage, by bringing her head in contact with that of her opposite fellow-traveller, convinced her that she was an inhabitant of the earth, and subject to corporeal feelings. An apology, in consequence, took place, and Matilda perceived that her fellow-sufferer was a young man of pleasing appearance, and genteel address; he soon began to be very officious, and, with infinite dexterity, drew from Matilda all the particulars of her present situation, and future prospects. When she incautiously named Lady Fitzgerald, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, then suddenly recollecting himself, he

grew more reserved, and discoursed on different topics, such as the severity of the frost, the extensive view from the hills they were descending, &c. which occupied them till the coach entered Wells, when he immediately alighted, on pretence of visiting a friend, politely expressing the pleasure he anticipated in meeting her at Lady Fitzgerald's, where he said he was a frequent visitor.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH.

(Concluded.)

THE ill success of this first attack, and the hope which Djezzzer entertained of being supported by a body of Naplowsians and Mograbins, who were to assemble at Damascus, led him to make some brisk sallies, in which he was generally repulsed, but which tended greatly to harass the French. On the 8th of April, sir Sidney, in concert with Djezzzer, made a considerable sally in three columns, at the head of which were the marines. The end of this sortie, was to destroy the works nearest the place, and chiefly a mine, laid under the counterscarp. This perilous attack was intrusted to the brave captain Oldfield, who had

distinguished himself at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope. He broke the head of the column of the centre, and threw himself first on the entrance of the mine, where he was mortally wounded, and carried off by the French grenadiers. He expired in the arms of the enemy, amidst the warmest testimonies of their regret and esteem. The three columns suffered considerably by the fire from the batteries and parallels, and the intermediate space was strewn with the dead.

The Turks had now collected a considerable force, estimated by Kleber, who reconnoitred their different corps, at not less than 40,000, in order to compel the French to raise the siege. Bonaparte, therefore, drew off from the army before Acre, all the force he could spare, to give them battle. He marched to meet them, and defeated them near Mount Tabor, obliging them to retreat in the greatest disorder towards Damascus.

Bonaparte then returned to resume the siege, and pressed on the works. The mine destined to blow up the town, was finished and set fire to; but a part of the mine having vented itself by some subterraneous passage, one side only of the tower was sprung, and the breach was not more practicable than before. Never were a few yards of ground of so much importance in the defence of a

place, and never was the rubbish of a bad work disputed with so much eagerness.

Scarcely was the mine sprung, than Bonaparte was anxious to know how the town was connected with the rest of the place. Thirty grenadiers succeeded in lodging themselves in the rubbish, under the ceiling of the first story; but the besieged having communication with the ruins of the upper stories, threw inflammable matter into that below, which forced the French grenadiers to abandon it. The next day the French batteries continued demolishing, and during the night, the French miners tried again to get possession of the tower. They were again obliged to evacuate it, overpowered by the fire and combustible materials which the Turks, whom they had not yet completely dislodged from the upper stories, continued to rain upon them.

The besieged, almost the whole of whose pieces in front of the attack, were dismounted, now opened new batteries, and began forming exterior works. This counter-attack was skilfully directed by colonel Phelipeaux, but the besieged unfortunately lost his assistance by his death, during the siege. On both sides the works were pushed on with the utmost ardour; and were supported alternately by new assaults and new sallies; but the French had not artillery enough to silence the fire, and make a

lodgement in the works, and they were soon in want of ammunition. The courage and activity of the besieged increased in proportion as the fire of the besiegers slackened. A new mine, intended to blow up the counterscarp, opposite the second breach which they had begun to make under the courtine on the eastern side, failed; the chassies were demolished, and the well filled up. Bonaparte still persisted to open a passage by the breach of the half-ruined tower; every thing was carried with ardour; the French had once again possession of the tower, but they could not keep it, and the besieged returned again to their works, May 7.

The same day a Turkish flotilla from Rhodes, brought reinforcements of men and stores. Bonaparte determined to make a new effort before the landing of this succour, and caused the attack to be renewed against the new works. The French at first appeared to have the advantage; the courtine on the right of the tower battered in breach having crumbled down, and offering a passage which was tolerably practicable, Bonaparte went to reconnoitre it, and ordered General Lannes to make the attack. The head of the column was led by General Rambaud, who climbed the breach, and penetrated into the place at the head of an hundred grenadiers. The Turks, however, encouraged by their brave auxiliaries, still stood firm.

the ruins of a tower, and kept up a very brisk fire of musquetry, filed into the ditch, taking the breach in rear, and stopped the escalade and the impulsion of the columns. Showers of combustible matter, the fire from the tops of the houses, from the barricades, and from the palace of the Pacha, on those who had descended from the breach into the town, either destroyed or forced them back. The reserve, formed of the guides of the army, sprang forward to the breach, but in vain; the garrison rallied; the troops brought by the vessels hastened their landing, to join the besieged; General Rambaud was killed on the spot, and the French, after having made the greatest exertions, were obliged to retire completely defeated.

After these multiplied and irreparable losses, it was found almost impossible to reduce a place defended with so much intrepidity, continually provisioned and supported on the side of the sea, and protected by Sir Sidney Smith's squadron, who being himself in no fear of an attack, could dispose of his crews, of his artillery, of his stores, in short, of every resource which vessels well provided could furnish to a place besieged, and precisely such as the besieged were most in want of. In short, the means of the besieged to defend the place, were become decidedly superior to those of the assailants for attacking it, and no rational hope of succeeding against

it, could longer be entertained by them.

Bonaparte, however, could not resolve with himself to renounce this conquest, which Fortune, for the first time faithless, tore from him. He saw the place open, and the breach large; and on the 10th of May he made another impetuous attack; but the besieged, warned of this last assault, had reinforced a second and third line of artillery, which the French could not force; and Bonaparte, now reduced to despair, finally resolved to raise the siege, and the army began to retire secretly from before the place, on the 20th of May, the 61st day after breaking ground.

Thus ended the expedition of Bonaparte into Syria, which possibly might have had a very different termination, had it not been for the well-planned measures, and gallant exertions of Sir Sidney Smith.

After the retreat of Bonaparte from Syria, and his subsequent departure for France, Sir Sidney, continued on the same station, and soon after listened to proposals from the French General Kleber, for a treaty, stipulating the evacuation of Egypt by the French troops. Conferences were held for this purpose on board the Tigre at Alexandria, and the convention was finally agreed to at El-Arisch, by Sir Sidney Smith, as minister plenipotentiary of his Britannic Majesty. Lord Keith,

however, the Naval Commander in Chief on the Mediterranean station, having received other instructions, declared the treaty null and void, and hostilities were recommenced by Kleber, who immediately after attacked, and entirely defeated the Turkish army, with very great loss.

It is alledged that the convention of El-Arisch was not known in England in time to receive the sanction of Government ; and that as soon as it was known, counter-orders for its fulfilment were dispatched to Lord Keith, but these arrived too late to be acted upon.

Sir Sidney has been employed in various other services, in which he has not found the same opportunities of distinguishing himself.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.
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I HAVE frequently endeavoured to account for the remissness to be found among the *American* youth, in their pursuits after literary fame : and cannot discover any ostensible reason, why the progress of literature in this country, should not as rapidly advance, as it doth on the other side of the Atlantic ; but that it does *not*, is a national *disgrace*, and a melancholly *truth*. Our climate is as genial to the growth of science, as any other yet discovered. The heat of our weather is not so intense, as

to enervate the mind with lassitude, nor the cold so severe, as to nip the bud of genius. The path of wisdom is here as smooth, and intercepted with no more difficulties, than that which hath so often been successfully trod upon the shores of Europe. Our colleges and seminaries are numerous, and conducted by men of eminence, and profound erudition. Our libraries are stored to profusion with the practical and theoretical knowledge of the old world, and the invaluable constitution of our country, leaves the mind as free and unshackled as the air we breathe. From whence, then, proceeds the slow progress we make as a literary people ? I cannot, (as I before remarked) answer the question, but will notwithstanding, hazard a few surmises. It is a characteristic of those possessed of contracted minds, warped by spleen and envy, never to believe that what results from their own family or particular acquaintance, can ever tend to public benefit or utility ; and an anonymous production will often be applauded to the very echo, which if known as the work of a friend or connexion, would sink into everlasting contempt and neglect. Our great *Franklin* was aware of this narrowness of opinion, when he privately slipt his first essay beneath the door of his brother's printing office : and no doubt, laughed in his sleeve at the encomium passed upon it (after publication) when he knew that had he been suspected

as the author, he would have received a sharp reprimand for his *folly* instead of just praise for his *merit*. By following this selfish principle, from a few, to the great mass of our countrymen, we shall find the position hold good, and assimilate in all its parts; for the following expression hath become proverbial, "*If you wish to damn a work, stamp it as born in America, and it goes instantaneously to the shades.*" What is more common than to see a would-be critic with no more brains in his pericranium, than a Jackass, tumbling over the publications in a bookseller's store, and cursing as *trash*, all works bearing the name of an *American*. Mention something new from the press, before any company in this city, and I'll venture my head that the first question asked, will be, "Is the author an Englishman, or is it a translation?" So prepossessed is almost every one against native acquirements, that they presume nothing can be good, unless it comes from across the water. This illiberality of sentiment most assuredly is a means of damping the ardour of a young writer, for he considers it as an unnecessary waste of time to devote his days in the promotion of science, without receiving any reward for his toils or exertions; nay, when he is positive that in place of honor or emolument, he will meet with nothing but contumely and derision.

There is nothing that requires

more care, and tender treatment, than a rising genius; it must be fostered, it must be patronized: but if neglected, or handled rudely, it droops and withers like an exotic plant, before the chilling blast of winter. I have not a doubt but that we have our *Miltons*, *Johnsons*, *Addisons*, and *Popes*, but should merit receive no more encouragement than it has antecedently done, they will remain hidden for want of support, and the world reap no benefit from their talents. In other countries we witness men respected according to their abilities; and the powerful and wealthy ushering them into notice, as national ornaments: here the case is otherwise, for instead of luring votaries, to obtain a seat in the Hall of Science, all classes are eager to crush the candidate in his first outset.

I allow my assertion to be a pretty bold one, but I do not want for proof to maintain it. In 1711, the city of *London* contained two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. At that time, Sir Richard Steele edited a daily paper there, entitled the *Spectator*, a single essay completed each number, and he frequently sold not less than *Twenty thousand a-day*. The population in the city of *New-York*, at present, is nearly or quite one hundred thousand, and let me ask, what encouragement does a paper devoted exclusively to literary purposes, meet with here? Why, if the editor at the year's end, has

cleared sufficient to pay for his paper and types, he ought to consider himself fortunate. "Ay, but," say these *wiseacres*, "we have no Sir Richard Steele's in *America*." Contemptible idiots! compare the excellent numbers of *Salmagundi* with any of the kind to be found in the Spectator, World, Rambler, Guardian, &c. and see if you can point out any that excels them. Yet *Salmagundi* fell in this metropolis for want of support! You yawn and cry our literary papers are such dull, stupid, sleepy things, that one takes no pleasure in reading them. The fault lies with yourselves. It would be preposterous in you to suppose that any set of persons would employ their time and talents entirely for your amusement, without reaping either honor or profit for their pains. Let those who have it in their power, bring forward and support original merit, and our country will have no cause to complain as to the want of genius. I shall reserve some more remarks upon this subject, for a future number.

O. W.

Kip's Bay, Feb. 1810.

PROPRIETY.

A woman may be knowing, active, witty, and amusing, but without propriety, she cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableness meet.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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The following satirical advertisement, copied from the National Ægis, is the "cut direct" to those who are in the habit of dealing in, and retailing the characters of their neighbours, making alterations and additions, as it suits their purposes. If it will tend to the suppression of so uncharitable a vice, "ninety-nine in a hundred," it matters not for the odd ones, as it can hardly be supposed their mischievous slanders will be either harboured or supported.

ADVERTISEMENT.

STRAYED OR STOLEN

From the possession of the subscriber, a FAIR REPUTATION. As it had frequently, when not sufficiently guarded, wandered away round the neighbourhood, and returned again after a short interval, from the length of its absence, it is now supposed to be stolen. It can be of no use to describe its natural marks, for it has been *sacn* since its loss, disfigured with several artificial blemishes, and disguised with a false color maliciously imposed upon it, to conceal its beauties. It is a restless animal, travels with amazing speed, makes short and frequent stops, and is very familiar with strangers. As it can be of no use to any but the owner, it is hoped

that others will not, to indulge an impertinent curiosity, give it any harbor or support. Whoever will restore it, free from injury and blemish, shall receive a liberal reward. As a great many depredations are constantly committed upon this article of property, this is to caution all concerned to be on their guard against the villains who are guilty of them.

Ninety-nine in a hundred.

EPIGRAM,

To a Lady who sent a present of some Preserves.

EACH one who tastes, must surely own
Your hand PRESERVES with skill!
Yet what avails it? since 'tis known,
Your eyes as often KILL.

THEOPHRASTUS.

A story is told of Theophrastus, from which an inference has been drawn, that it does not appear to me to warrant. I submit my objections to the reader.

The story is, that Theophrastus, who imagined he spoke the Attick dialect in its utmost purity, went into a market place in Athens, and accosting one of the women there stationed, mispronounced some word, whereby she directly, to his surprise, pronounced him to be a foreigner. It has always been thence presumed, that even the lowest of the Athenian populace were so well educated,

as to be minutely acquainted with all the niceties of the language.

This, like thousands of other ancient stories, is entirely fallacious. Let us test it by our own market women. Suppose a Cockney was to ask a woman for a peck of *happles*, an Irishman for a pound of *buther*, a Scotchman for a *pund* or *twa* of beef, a New Englander for some *keew's* milk, or a Virginian to *dollar* for some *tobaccor*, she would pronounce them all foreigners; nor would it be fair to deduce from her accurate knowledge on this point, that she had received a refined education, or even ever gone to school.

P. Folio.

A country schoolmaster, who has compiled a dictionary for the use of his own pupils, says, that CRIM. CON. are *two idle young fellows*, who go about the country, seducing men's wives!

A young Yearling.

Mr. Archibald Osborn, living near Rock Creek Church, in the neighbourhood of the city of Washington, advertises that he has taken up "a black and white cow, with a yearling about four months old." We suppose if there can be a *yearling* of four months old, there can be a *month-*

ling of four days, and a *weekling* of the age of four hours.

Freem. Jour.

Extraordinary Fact.

About three weeks since, Mr. and Mrs. Potter, of Hampton, near Fakenham, Norfolk, were going out for a few days, when Mrs. P. had occasion to go up stairs to a drawer, and leaving it open a few minutes, the cat got into it, and, not being observed, was locked up in the drawer, where she continued for nine days, without the least air coming to her, except what the key-hole admitted, and on being let out, the animal, after having a little milk, went into the garden, and soon brought in a live rabbit, half the size of itself.

Lon. Pap.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1810.

The City Inspector reports the death of 57 persons, (of whom 17 were men, 17 women, 11 boys, and 12 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last:—viz.—Of apoplexy 1, asthma 1, burnt 1, casualties 2, consumption 10, convulsions 3, debility 2, decay 1, dropsy 3, dropsy in the head 2, epilepsy 1, rupture 1, hives 5, inflammation of the bowels 3, inflammation of the lungs 2, insanity 1, liver dis-

ease 2, old age 4, pleurisy 1, sprue 1, still born 2, sudden death 4, syphilis 1, tetters 1, whooping cough 3, and 4 of worms.

The case of burn was a child of three years old, whose clothes accidentally caught fire. The cases of casualty were two children; one of whom aged three years, was run over by a cart; the other, aged five years, whose death was occasioned by drinking ardent spirits unobserved by her parents.

It is with pain we have to state, that Mr. ROLAND BUNKER, mate of the ship *Renown*, on Tuesday fell from the mast-head upon deck, and instantly expired. He was an amiable young man, and it is to be regretted, that he has left a family who depended on him for support.

We have not often to record a more humane, philanthropic, and christian act, than was performed on Monday last by a respectable gentleman of this city, who happened to be on a wharf on the north side of the city, when a lad of 14 was blown in the dock by the violence of the gale. This gentleman, regardless, as it were, of risking his own life, beholding the perilous situation of the lad, plunged into the water, and with much difficulty (for both were near perishing) saved the boy. A nobler act could not have been performed. It is proper to observe, that another merchant of this city, present at the time, had thrown off his hat and coat, for the same laudable purpose.

FROSTY CELLARS.

Those who are troubled with frosty cellars are informed, that by placing a few tubs of water near their vegetables, it will prevent their freezing; such being the attracting qualities of the water, that it will freeze two inches thick, and while potatoes placed along side, will not be chilled. It would be well to renew the water, once a week, as it will in that time lose much of its life.

MADAME BONAPARTE DIVORCED.

Capt. Turner, of the Amazon, informs us that his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon the 1st, has at length divorced his wife. He adds that the official statement, or letter addressed to the public, announcing the fact, had been published at Tonningen before he sailed.

Georgetown, (Col.) Feb. 15.

Mrs. Bonaparte and her young son Jerome Napoleon, are now at the seat of government. They lodge with Mrs. Wilson on the Capitol Hill.

A motion was lately made in the Legislature of North Carolina to expel therefrom Mr. Henry Jacobs, as "a Jew, and disbeliever in the divine authority of the new Testament." Mr. Jacobs made an eloquent and impressive argument against the motion, which was unanimously rejected.

A striking example of fortitude and presence of mind was exhibited, a few days since, by a gentleman and a young lady in passing the Cayuga Lake, in the state of New-York. The circumstances were as follows:

Mr. William Tappan, of Geneva, set out on a journey to Boston in the stage with his little daughter, about 4 years old. In crossing the lake on the ice, he committed his child to the care of Miss Vreedenburgh, a young lady of about 15 years of age, of a very respectable family at Scancotalis Lake, who remained in the sleigh; the other passengers, considering the passage dangerous, chusing to walk at a distance. As Mr. Tappan was holding upon the hind part of the sleigh, it broke through the ice, and that, with the horses, were instantly under water. Mr. Tappan swam to where the ice would bear him, and looking back he saw Miss Vreedenburgh holding up his child above water, who, with a surprising composure of mind, and unexampled disinterestedness, exclaimed, "For God sake, Mr. Tappan, save your child, for we are both drowning together!" Mr. T. plunged in again, received the child from her hands, and was fortunate enough to place it in safety on the ice.—He then returned, and took the young lady, who was quietly waiting, up to her neck in water, standing upon the upper part of the sinking sleigh, and swam with her to a place of safety. All this time she never uttered a sigh or complaint; but suffered Mr. Tappan to take hold of her in the most advantageous manner for swimming, and deliberately avoided grasping him with her hands, which she was sensible might prove fatal to them both: The result was, that, under Providence, the fortitude and presence of mind of these two persons, was the means of saving three souls from a watery grave. It may be

observed, at the same time, that the weather was so excessively cold, that their clothes were immediately stiffened with ice.

FIRE.—On Monday morning last, about 1 o'clock, a fire broke out in a grocery-store, at the corner of William and Frankfort-streets, and had risen to such a height before it was discovered, that the building was consumed, with a house and carpenter's shop adjoining, before it was extinguished.

CHARITY SERMON.

The Charity Sermon which was published last week, to be preached by the Rev. B. I. Fenwick on the 18th inst. in the Roman Catholic Church, Barclay-street, for the benefit of the poor under the care of the City Dispensary, has been postponed in consequence of the weather, until tomorrow evening, when it will positively take place.

MARRIED,

On Saturday, the 3d inst. by the Rev. John Townly, Mr. Nathaniel Peck, of Greenwich, Connecticut, to Miss Sarah Secor, of this city.

On Thursday, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Samuel Harris, Esq. of this city, to Miss Catharine D. Wilson, eldest daughter of Dr. P. Wilson, Professor of Languages in Columbia College.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Peter Law, Mr. John Mersevole, to Miss Magdaline Duryee, daughter of Peter Duryee, all of Bushwick, Long-Island.

At Waterford, Con. Mr. Roswell Rogers, 2d, of East-Haddam, to Miss Nancy Beckwith, of the

former place.—We presume as a the young ladies of East Haddam, had just been married off at once this young gentleman, like another Celebs, was obliged to go out of town "in search of a wife."

On Saturday evening last, Mr. James N. Hyde, to Miss Mary Goodrich, both of this city.

On Thursday the 15th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Lyel, Mr. Wm. Alexander Stewart, of Bristol, to Mrs. Agnes Nesbitt, widow of the late Dr. Samuel Nesbitt, Jr. both of this city.

On Wednesday evening the 14th, by the Rev. Mr. Milldollar, Mr. Jonas Bush, to the amiable Miss Doreathea Ann Kipst, daughter of Mr. Thos. Kipst, merchant, of this city.

DIED,

In Maury county, Tennessee, on the 16th ult. William Holland, second son of James Holland, Esq. representative in Congress from the state of North Carolina.

On the 8th instant, the Rev. Eugene Fitzgerald Magrath, Bachelor of Arts of the University of Dublin.

On Monday morning, the 19th inst. after a tedious illness, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Fox.

On Tuesday last after a short illness, James M'Donnell, merchant, of this city.

On Friday night last, the 16th instant, in his 66th year, Mr. Joshua Isaacs, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On the 18th Dec. at Lithgow, in the county of Dutchess, Mr. David I. Johnston, aged 48 years.



Communicated for the *Miscellany*.

FERNAND AND ELZIRA.

Written by a young Lady of Connecticut.

FAR from the city's noisy din,
A Hermit fled for calm content ;
And left the public haunts of men ;
To heaven his prospects, allwere bent.

Life's gayest honors, once he wore ;
In pow'r's most brilliant robes appear'd :

Suffice it, when the scene was o'er,
A diff'rent mind was then display'd.

'One daughter smil'd away his care,
The only soother of his woe,
She gently wip'd the anxious tear
That from his eyes ne'er ceas'd to flow

' He'd of't recall the bloom of youth ;
' And cry ' Elzira' still thou'rt mine ;
' Dear pledge of Elzira's truth,
' And solace of my life's decline.

' Tho' from the world and wordly care,
' My wearied mind I mean to free,
' And make thee fam'd for virtue fair ;
' My cares I shall devote to thee.'

Just from the Hermit's calm retreat,
Where nature form'd his cottage wild,
An antique castle tow'ring stood ;
In stately grandeur rose the pile.

Here Albert, long in arms renown'd,
From scenes of toil would of't repair ;

An only son his marriage crown'd,
And charm'd away his worldly care.

What maid so cold could view unmov'd
The youth that ev'ry beauty shar'd,
Elzira saw, she saw, she lov'd,
She lov'd alas ! and she despair'd.

' How long, she cried, must I conceal,
' What yet my heart could wish were known ;

' How long the truest passion feel,
' And yet that passion fear to own ?

' Ah ! might I sigh my humble vow,
' And he too deign to lend an ear ;
' Ah ! Fernand, you would then allow
' Elzira's love, and it sincere.

' Wild wish—to think the charming youth
' Would listen to a maid like me ;
' Then what avail my love or truth,
' Sincere and constant tho' they be ?

Young Fernand sought the deepest shade,

Since first he caught the fatal view ;
But soon his eyes beheld the maid,
And cheer'd by hope his passion grew

Ah, gentle maid, he cried, survey
A heart that sighs for you alone ;
Long has it own'd Elzira's sway,
Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

He spoke, then on her face his eyes
Were fix'd abash'd ; the wond'ring maid

Lost in the tumult of surprize,
The well remember'd youth survey'd

' Dear object of my fond desire,
' Elzira cried, till now unknown,
' An hopeless heart bid it retire,
' But Fernand I am thine alone.

At each kind glance their souls unite,
With love that banishes controul ;
The tender transports of delight,
When soul's in unison with soul.

Joy, gratitude, and wonder shed;
 United tears, o'er hymen's reign,
 And nature her best triumph led,
 For love and virtue join'd her train.

E. H. S.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

FROM E. RILEY'S COLLECTION.

SONG.

FAREWELL, O farewell to the day
 That smiling with happiness flew—
 Ye verdures and blushes of May,
 Ye songs of the linnet, adieu.
 In tears from the vale I depart,
 In anguish I move from the fair;
 For what are those scenes to the heart
 Which fortune has doom'd to despair.
 Love frowns, and how dark is the hour
 Of rapture departed the breath;
 So gloomy the grove and the bow'r
 I tread the pale valley of death.
 With envy I wander forlorn,
 At the breeze which her beauty has
 fann'd,
 And I envy the bird on the thorn
 Who sits watching the crumbs from
 her hand.
 I envy the lark o'er her cot,
 Who calls her from slumber so blest;
 Nay, I envy the nightengale's note,
 The syren who sings her to rest.
 On her hamlet once more let me dwell;
 One look, the last comfort, be mine:
 O pleasure and Delia, farewell,
 Now sorrow, I ever am thine.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY THOMAS PAINE.

TUNE—"RULE BRITANNIA."

HAIL great Republic of the world!
 The rising empire of the West,
 Where famed Columbus, of mighty
 mind inspir'd!

Gave tortur'd Europe scenes of rest.

CHORUS.

Be thou for ever, for ever, great and
 free,

The land of love and liberty.

Beneath thy spreading mantling vine,
 Beside thy flow'ry groves and springs,
 And on thy lofty, thy lofty mountains
 brow,

May all thy sons, and fair ones sing,
 Be thou for ever, &c.

From thee, may hated discord fly—
 With all her dark—her dreary train,
 And whilst thy mighty, thy mighty
 waters roll—

May heart-endearing concord reign.
 Be thou, &c.

Far as the vast Atlantic pours,
 Its loaded wave to human sight,
 There may thy starry, thy starry stand-
 ard shine,
 The constellation of thy rights.
 Be thou, &c.

May ages as they rise proclaim—
 The glories of thy natal day—
 And restless Europe—from thy exam-
 ple learn—
 To live, to rule, and to obey.
 Be thou, &c.

Let laureats sing their birth-day odes,
 Or how their death-like thunders hurl'd,
 'Tis ours—the charter, the charter, ours
 alone,
 To sing the birth-day of a world!
 Be thou for ever, for ever, great and
 free,
 The land of love and liberty.

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